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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No notice can be taken of Anonymous Communications. Whatever is intended for insertion in the Home Journal, must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee for good faith and responsibility. All business letters for this office should be addressed to "The Home Journal," Winchester, Tenn. All communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper, and with all other matters connected with the editorial department, should be addressed to the Editor of the Home Journal, Winchester, Tenn. We cannot, as a rule, undertake to return articles not found suitable for publication.

All foreign advertisers must pay in advance. It will be useless to send advertisements with the request to "publish and send bill." Patent medicines manufactured in no instance will their special notices be published except at 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Our Agents are notified that it will be useless to take advertisements for us at the above rates. Positively no credit or barter.

Advertisements for all charitable purposes charged at regular rates. Hereafter, notices of public meetings, or notices to contribute in proportion to the public, and then if they charged for their work, it was looked upon as extortion. As well ask a merchant to give money and charge nothing for his goods.

All communications to advance the interest of any individual, or corporate body, must be paid for as advertisements. We shall determine for ourselves what is for the public benefit, and what ought to be in our columns.

Contributors will be charged for at advertising rates.

Job Work.

We are prepared to execute, in the very best style, all kinds of Job Work. Our material is all new, and selected by us in person. An experience of fifteen years as practical printers, and a pride in our business, is a guarantee that customers will be pleased. We consider neat work an advertisement of our business.

Our Nonpareil Job Press is unsurpassed for the execution of Card and other Job Printing, in all colors.

We keep on hand a good stock of Stationery, such as Cards of all sizes, colored and patterned, Flat Caps, Envelopes, Letter and Note Paper, Foolscap, Letter, and Working Tickets and Visiting Cards printed in the tastiest style. Pamphlets, Programmes, Posters, Horse and Jack Bells, Abols, Bill-Heads, Invoice and Check Blanks, and all kinds of printed matter.

Franklin County Directory

Mayor and Aldermen.

T. M. Pryor, Mayor. H. L. Turner, J. T. Merritt, Aldermen at large; W. L. Bickley, J. P. Lee, 2d ward; Sam. Smith, J. E. Vaughan, 3d ward; T. J. Jackson, G. H. Lefebvre, 4th ward. Wm. Vaughan, Constable.

Six Judicial Circuit.

Circuit Court for Franklin county held on fourth Mondays of March, July and November. Hon. W. J. Hickerson, presiding Judge. T. J. Jackson, Clerk—Office in courthouse.

34 Chancery Division.

Chancery Court for Franklin county held on the fourth Mondays in June and January. A. S. Marks, Winchester, Tenn., Chancellor. H. R. Estill, Clerk & Master. Office on east corner Public Square.

County Court.

Held on 1st Monday of each month. Honorable John W. Williams, Judge. Court. Arledge Clerk, and Deputy. Office in Courthouse.

Quarterly Court held 1st Mondays of January, April, July and October.

Justices of the Peace.

John W. Williams. Office at his Saddle Shop, south-west corner Public Square. Offices of Justice of the Peace, in the row of brick offices opposite Home Journal office.

County Register.

J. J. Martin, Register. Office, south corner Public Square.

County Trustee.

Wm. R. Francis, Jr., Trustee. Can be found at Tobe Turner's Law Office.

Taxes Collector.

Jno. G. Hannah, Tax Collector. Office with County Clerk.

County Surveyor.

Col. F. T. Estill. Residence across Bowling Fork, on street or road leading to Decherd.

Sheriff.

D. J. Martin, Sheriff. Office at Brazelton's corner, Thos. H. Finch, John Kinslingham and Alex. Silvertooth, Deputies.

Coroner.

John T. Green, Coroner.

Ranger.

John T. Slatter, Ranger. Office on Main street.

Church Directory.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

Rev. M. H. Bone, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School 9 A. M. Prayer meeting 7 P. M. every Friday night.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. J. R. Thompson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School 9 A. M. Prayer meeting 7 P. M. every Wednesday night.

Baptist Church.

Prayer meeting 7 P. M. every Wednesday night. Sunday School 9 A. M. This church has no pastor at present, and therefore services are irregular.

Episcopal Church.

Services at the Sewanee Institute every Sabbath morning, at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. H. H. Baezel. Sabbath School 9 A. M.

Union Lodge No. 19, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Thursday night, over M. E. Church. N. R. Martin, Noble Grand; Jas. N. Logan, Vice Grand; Peter Waldman, Treasurer; George Lefebvre, Secretary; E. L. Days, Permanent Secretary.

Cumberland Lodge, F. A. M.

Meets on the 1st Monday night before the Full Moon in each month. John J. W. Payne, W. M.; C. B. Austell, S. W.; C. T. Blair, J. W.; H. L. Speed, Chaplain; John E. Vaughan, Treasurer; J. T. Merritt, Sec'y; W. W. Martin, S. D.; J. M. Finney, J. D.; Wm. Tait, S. & T.

HOME JOURNAL.

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NUMBER 3

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

LITTLE AT FIRST, MIGHTY AT LAST.

BY CHARLES MACRAY.

A traveler through a dusty road, Strewed acorns on the way; And one took root and sprouted up And grew into a tree. Love sought its shade at evening time, To breathe its early vows; And age was pleased at heat of noon To bask beneath its boughs; The dromedary loved its dappled twigs, The birds sweet music bore; It stood a glory in its place, A blessing everywhere.

A little spring had lost its way, Among the grass and fern, A passing stranger scooped a well, Where every rain might turn; He waited it in, and with care He ladled its brink— He thought not of the dead he did, But thought that toll might drink. He passed again and lo! the well By summers never dried, Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought, "Twas old, and yet 'twas new; A simple fancy of the brain, But strong in being true. It shone upon a genial mind, And lo! its light became ray, A lamp of light, a beacon ray, A monetary flame. The thought was small, its issue great: A water-spout on the hill, It sheds its radiance far and down, And clears the valley still.

A nameless man amid a crowd, That thronged the daily mart, Let fall the words of hope and love, Unstudied from the heart: A whisper on the tumult thrown, A transitory breath, It raised a brother from the dust, It saved a soul from death. O germ! O fruit! O word of love! O thought that random cast! We were but little at the first, But mighty at the last.

At Last.

BY ELIZA E. MOORE.

Uncle James arrived the day after my mother's death. We resolved to carry her remains to the little cottage where we had lived so long and so happily, and bury her in a quiet, lovely spot among the hills, afar off from the noise and din of the city. We buried her in a quiet place, in a beautiful green valley, where the birds in the tall trees above sang a gentle dirge to her departed spirit. I stood by the open grave and saw them lower her remains into her last and resting place. And when I heard the sobs of the valley as they fell in hollow echoes on my mother's coffin, I felt desolate indeed. My proud, stubborn heart was humbled into the dust. She was gone forever to that land where

"Adieu and farewell are a sound unknown."

Gone, and I was an orphan in a land of comparative strangers. When left alone, I threw myself upon my grave and wept and moaned as if my heart would break. How bitter, bitter were the thoughts of that hour. I felt as if my heart would burst with the great load of sorrow it bore. Presently the strong arm of Uncle James lifted me up. "Grace," said he, "do not grieve that your mother's spirit has been released from this prison house of sin and sorrow and disappointment. Let me henceforth be your only protector! Go with me to my beautiful home in England! I have no one to love now but you!" His voice was low and sad and tremulous, and my heart turned eagerly toward my uncle.

We were to start immediately to England. One day, just before the time fixed for our departure, I happened to pick up a newspaper, and was glancing over its contents, when a paragraph riveted my attention. It was as follows:

"MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's father, in Washington City, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. Horace Mann, Mr. Charles Graham to the beautiful heiress, Miss Helen James. Long life and happiness to the parties."

The room swam around me, and I fell unconscious to the floor. How long I remained there I know not. When they found me I was still unconscious. For three long weeks I was bordering on the confines of death. They said I would rave for Charlie to forgive me and take me again to his bosom, and I would never, never more wound his kind, generous heart. Then I would moan for my mother to come back to me, for there was not a single heart in the whole wide world to love me or call me darling. When I awoke to consciousness my uncle was bending over me. There were tears in his great dark eyes, for he had been weeping. Then there was still another heart in the world that loved me. I soon learned to love my loved one as dearly as I could have loved my father. I recovered slowly. Sorrow and remorse seemed to be eating my heart

away. My mother was dead, and, in obedience to my obstinate will, that would not let me acknowledge myself in the wrong, I had chidden away the proud bright being that had idolized me; and now the mirror in his heart that had reflected my image was shattered forever, and he worshipped the shrine of another.

As soon as my delicate health would admit, we started for Europe. My uncle hoped in the excitement of travel to make me forget the past. He visited our old home in England, and the grave of my father. We basked in the soft climate, and roamed 'neath the sunny skies of Italy. We climbed the hills of Spain, and conversed with her dark-eyed suns and daughters. We saw the beautiful Gaudiquiver venting its silvery course toward its ocean home. We stood by the "arrowy Rhone," and saw its swiftly rushing flood sweeping by. We passed through Switzerland, and talked with the shepherds among the Alps; or watched her from afar as she tended her docks, and played her simple air upon the lute, with no companion save the grand and beautiful works of nature.

We saw and heard the avalanche, that "thunderbolt of snow," as it left its home among the skies, and thundered down to the sea, and the "idea of the tall mountains, burying whole villages in its fall. We crossed the desert plains and stood on the banks of the Nile, that lone, solitary river in "timid Egypt," and thought of the time when its waters were turned into blood, because "Pharaoh's heart was hardened and he would not let the children of Israel depart." We saw the mighty pyramids crumbling into dust under the moldering finger of time, and said in our hearts, "All that is in the power of man to create must perish, but the works of an all-wise God shall endure forever."

Thus we traveled from place to place until nearly three years had elapsed. I had not forgotten my great sorrows, but a mild, tranquil feeling had entered my heart, and a quiet happiness was mine. Once we met a party of travelers who said Charles Graham and his wife did not live happily together, and that he had fallen into dissipation. Charlie Graham, so noble, so intelligent, so grand, seemingly so superior to all others, fallen into dissipation! Oh, impossible! And yet they said it was true.

My uncle eventually took up his residence in Paris, intending to spend the winter in that metropolis, and then return to his home in England.

It was the most brilliant ball of the season. All the *bon ton* of Paris were out. Beautiful ladies, dazzlingly fair, with eyes sparkling like the diamonds they wore, floated in costly laces and velvets through the brilliantly lighted rooms. The air was loaded with delicious perfumes, and soft music stole away the senses, until one would almost imagine himself in an Elysian dream of Paradise. I sat in the deep embrasure of a window and watched the gay scene around. I was tired of dancing and listening to the nonsensical chit-chat of the brainless fops that crowded the room, and who had no thought beyond the shape of their collars or the part of their coats. A gay party was passing near me.

"Just arrived from America," said one.

"He was here last winter," said another, "and was quite the lion of the season."

"I supposed he would be here to-night," said the first.

"Hush!" said another, "you'd be in now." And they moved on.

I looked. Could I believe my eyes? It was Charlie Graham. He saw me almost at the same time, and came toward me.

"Good evening, Miss Arlington," said he. "This is an unexpected pleasure! I hardly expected to see any of my old acquaintances from America here to-night." His voice was low and sad. Lines of trouble were marked on his brow. He looked much older, and appeared worn and tired.

"Nor did I think of seeing you here," said I, extending my hand. "Quite a pleasure."

And then I paused. Old memories were stirring in my heart.

"Did you bring your wife with you?" resumed I, to prevent an awkward pause.

"My wife! Is it possible, Grace, that you think I am married?"

"I saw a statement to that effect in the papers 'before I left America,'" said I.

"Why, Grace, the marriage there spoken of was that of my cousin, who bears the same name as myself. I have never, in the whole course of my life, loved any but one dear form, and that is Grace Arlington's."

"And my heart has ever been loyal to Charlie Graham. Through those long, lonely, dreary years since our parting, I have still loved you, though I believed you to be married, and tried

to crush my heart in obedience to my will and reason, that told me it was wrong to love you when you had ceased to love me, and loved another."

"Then you are mine," said he, "My darling, my treasure, my own Grace, forever!" But we were beginning to attract attention. The soft strains of a dreamy waltz floated out on our ears. In an instant his arms were around my waist, I was pressed wildly to his heart, and our feet kept time to the merry music.

Later, he told me that, angered and wounded with my words, he had gone immediately to Washington City. There he remained but a few days until he determined to go to New Orleans. But he was restless and unhappy, and finally resolved to return and see me, and did if I did not still love him, and would not again consent to have our lives limited. But when he returned I had left the city, had gone from the vine-clad cottage among the hills, and no trace of his way to be found, except that I had gone to Europe. Since that time he had wandered over the different States of Europe hoping to find me.

We are married now, and are living in America; and I am a dear wife, whom we both love so dearly, is living with us. Even now I bear my husband's footsteps, and I know my darling is coming. He is bending over me to see what all the manuscripts report. And when he has read them he takes me in his arms, kisses my lips again and again, and murmurs, "After the storm comes the sunshine. Yes, you are mine at last! And I look up in his face and answer, 'Yes, at last! at last! My darling! My love! My King!'"

Rents in New York.

Store-rooms in New York City, it is reported have fallen far below the rates of three years ago. Thus it was stated that a large store, which in 1865 rented for \$10,000 a year, last year brought \$10,000, and the owners cannot now obtain \$5,000. Another store, which in 1865 rented at \$15,000 a year, is now held at \$12,000, but does not find a tenant. The Broadway landlords, it is said, are willing to accept the lowest rates of last year, but the tenants demand a reduction. A shoe dealer has taken for \$7,500 a year, a store on Broadway, near Pearl Street, for which the present occupancy is bound to pay \$14,000 a year on long lease. Two other stores in the same vicinity are offered at \$14,000 less than the rents paid by the present tenants. In Canal street, a large store has been rented for \$12,500 a year, for which, when building two years ago, the owners received \$20,000. Rents for offices in Wall street, and in that vicinity, it is stated, have been also largely reduced.

Store rents in Pittsburgh are also much lower than last year, and yet so high that there is very little disposition to rent where rent can be avoided.

The Lowest Type of Humanity.

The following extract is from an article on "Barbarism and Civilization," in the Atlantic Monthly. On the island of Borneo, there has been found a certain race of wild creatures, of which kindred varieties have been discovered in the Philippine Islands, in Terra Del Fuego, and in South America. They walk usually, almost erect on two legs, and in that attitude, measure about four feet in height. They are dark, wrinkled and hairy. They construct no habitation for themselves, but associate together, sleep in caves or trees, feed on snakes and vermin, eat ants, eggs, on mice and on each other. They cannot be tamed or forced to any labor, and are hunted and shot among the trees like the great Gorilla, of which they are a stunted copy. When they are captured alive, one finds with surprise, that their uncouth jabbering sounds like articulate language. They turn up a human face to gaze at their captor, and a female shows instincts of modesty. Are these wretched beings human?

MORE TROUBLE.—Since the gradual decay of the nigger question, the Radical party has been having trouble beyond measure. The very old scratch is to pay. The Supreme Court of California has decided that the 15th Amendment is null and void and hence forth is a dead letter in California. No more forever will the heathen Chinese and the beautiful shiny heel be man and brother in the golden State. 'Tis sad.

The Baptist Missionary Magazine makes the following table of the religions of the world: Jews, 8,000,000; Christians, 353,000,000; Mohammedans, 120,000,000; Hindoos, 120,000,000; Buddhists, 483,000,000; Parsees, 1,000,000; Miscellaneous, 66,000,000.

A Story for Lawyers.

It is probable that every lawyer of any note has heard and read of the celebrated Luther Martin, of Maryland. His great effort in the case of Aaron Burr, as well as his display in the Senate of the United States, will not be forgotten. Trifles in the history of genius are important, as we hope to show in the story.

Mr. Martin was on his way to Annapolis, to attend the Supreme Court of the State. A solitary passenger was in the stage with him; and as the weather was extremely cold the passengers soon resorted to conversation to divert themselves from too much sensibility to the inclement air. The young man knew Martin by sight, and as he was, also, a lawyer, the thread of talk soon began to spin itself out of legal matters.

"Martin," said the young man, "I am just returning on my career as a lawyer; may you tell me the secret of your great success?" "If, sir, you will give me from your experience the key to the solution of the law, I will."

"Why, sir, I will pay your expenses, while you are at Annapolis."

"Thank you, sir, to your bargain now, and I'll furnish you with the great secret of my success as a lawyer."

"The young man smiled. 'Very well,' said Mr. Martin. 'The whole secret of my success is contained in this one little maxim, which I lay down to guide me. You follow a you cannot fail to succeed. It is this: Always be sure of your evidence.'

The listener was very attentive—smiled—threw himself back in a philosophical posture, and gave his brain to the analysis, with true lawyer patience. 'Always be sure of your evidence.'

It was too cold a night for anything to be made peculiarly out of the old man's wisdom and so the promising adept in maxim-learning gave himself to sleep, dreams in which he was knocking and pushing his way through the world by the all powerful words, "Always be sure of your evidence."

The morning came, and Mr. Martin, with his practical student, took rooms at the best hotel in the city. The only thing peculiar to the hotel in the eyes of the young man, was that the wine bottles and the *et ceteras* of fine living seemed to recall very vividly the maxim about the evidence.

The young gentleman watched Mr. Martin. Wherever eating and drinking were concerned he was, indeed, a man to be watched, especially in the latter, as he was immediately fond of the after-dinner, after-supper after-everything luxury of wine. A few days were sufficient to show the incipient legalist that he would have to pay dearly for his knowledge, as Mr. Martin seemed to make the most of his part of the contract.

Lawyers, whether old or young, have certain legal rights, and so the young man began to think of the study of self-protection. It was certainly a solemn duty. It ran through all creation. Common to animals and men it was made manifest not to be deceived, particularly where the hot bill of a lawyer's concern. The subject grew daily on the young man. It was all absorbing to the mind and pocket. A week elapsed and Mr. Martin was ready to return to Baltimore. So was the young man, but not in the same stage with his illustrious teacher.

Mr. Martin approached the counter in the bar-room. The young man was an anxious spectator near him.

"Mr. Clerk," said Mr. Martin, "my young friend, Mr. —, will settle my bill, agreeable to the engagement." The young man said nothing, but looked everything. "He will attend to it, Mr. Clerk, as we have already had a definite understanding on the subject. He is pledged, professionally pledged, to pay my bill," he hurriedly repeated.

"Where's your evidence," asked the young man, demurely. "Always be sure of your evidence, Mr. Martin. Can you prove your bargain?"

Mr. Martin saw the snare, and pulling out his pocket book, with great good humor told the young man—

"You will do, sir and get through the world with your profession without advice from me."

We learn from the Shelbyville Rescue of the 10th inst., that on last Wednesday Deputy Marshall Richard Turner served a writ of *quo warranto* upon Sheriff F. F. Fonville, of Bedford county. He gave bond in the sum of five hundred dollars for his appearance at the next term of the Federal Court.

Mr. S. M. Hoskins living in the neighborhood of Fosterville has a brood sow that gave birth to eighteen pigs.

Amount of Sleep Required.

Every man must sleep according to his temperament; but eight hours is the average. If one requires a little more or a little less, he will find it out for himself. Whoever, by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a long time, but nature keeps close accounts, and no man can dodge her settlements. We have seen happy married couples that could not keep the track in order, nor spare the engine to be thoroughly repaired. Every year track and equipment deteriorated. By and by comes the crash, and the road is a heap of confusion and destruction. So it is with men. They cannot spare time to sleep enough. They slowly run behind. Symptoms of general waste appear. Premature wrinkles, weak eyes, depression of spirits, failure of digestion, debilities in the morning, and overwhelming melancholy, these and many other signs, show a general dilapidation. It now sudden calamity comes an extraordinary pressure, they go down under it. They have no resources to draw upon. They have been living up to the verge of their whole vitality every year.

A Fine Old Man.

The following description of "a fine old man," is by Mark Twain:—"John Wagner, the oldest man in Baltimore, one hundred and four years old—nearly walked a mile and a half in two weeks. He is as cheerful and bright as any of these other old men that charge around so in the newspapers, and in every way as remarkable. Last November he walked five blocks in a rainstorm, without any shelter but an umbrella, and cast his vote for Grant, remarking that he voted for forty-seven Presidents—which was not strictly correct. His second crop of rich brown hair arrived from New York yesterday, and he has a new set of teeth coming—from Philadelphia. He is to be married next week to a girl one hundred and two years old, who still takes in washing. They have been engaged eighty years, but their parents persistently refused their consent until three days ago. John Wagner is two years older than the Rhode Island veteran, and has never taken a drop of liquor in his life unless you count whisky."

Bulwer did a bad thing for suffering humanity when he wrote the famous sentence in regard to the pen being mightier than the sword. It has been the means of putting the pen in the hands of very many silly people, who are led to imagine themselves peers of all mankind, because they are capable of stringing together a few sentences of indifferent English. These people never read the sentence in its entirety: "Beneath the sway of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword." A vast difference between these and the inflated pigs who take the saying all to themselves.

The new law in relation to the opinion of juror in force. Hereafter no juror can become disqualified as a juror because he has formed an opinion from reading a newspaper account of a crime. The consequence will be that hereafter nearly all intelligent citizens will go on the jury, with an opinion already formed as to either the guilt or innocence of the accused.

They manage the divorce business very amicably in Colorado. A short time since a man sold his wife, to whom he had been married eight years, for \$10, together with the household furniture, &c., to a young man of his acquaintance.

After investigating the subject, the San Francisco Medical Society publishes its opinion that the brains of all the children in the public schools of the city are overtaxed.

In Chicago, the Tribune says the suffering man who goes down to his business in the morning, doesn't know whether he's been married all day until he goes home at night.

The women's Christian Association of Cleveland has taken a census of the young men who visit disreputable houses, and has prepared a descriptive catalogue of them.

We like to see young ladies who are bitter enemies, kiss each other very affectionately when they meet; it reminds us of a man named Judas who lived several years ago!

We like to see young ladies keep their jaws in constant motion endeavoring to masticate a huge ball of chewing gum—it looks so lady-like!

The French balloons, with a fair wind, go about as fast as the express trains on American railroads.

WIT AND HUMOR.

—A crusty old bachelor says, "that the only organ without stops, is the organ of speech in woman."

—It was a wise negro who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said "Dat ar' pends altogether on how dey 'joy deyselfes."

—Dr. Franklin, endeavoring to kill a turkey by an electric shock, received the whole battery himself, when he good-humoredly observed, "That instead of killing a turkey, he had nearly put an end to a goose."

—A physician being asked by a patient if he thought a little spirits now and then would hurt him much, replied, "I don't know that a little occasionally would hurt you much, but if you don't take any, it won't hurt you at all."

—I believe that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a devoted wife to her husband one day. "How so?" replied the husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me, if you continue to go to it every night."

—A pious surprised a farmer whom he seldom saw at his ministrations, by asking him directly, after a little reproach of his sin of omission, "Shall we see you at church next Sabbath?" "Y-e-s," he replied slowly, "I'll go—or send a hand!"

—The Oregon News has a local editor who deserves promotion. Hear him: "People may say and think what they please about it, but we noticed it particularly, and know that it was the young man's pocket handkerchief that was seen dangling under his coat-tail at the lecture the other night."

—The chaplain of a State prison, an enthusiastic devotee of the temperance reform, had the idea that most of the convicts were incarcerated because of the use of whisky. In his round he met a sturdy man in many stripes, and put the usual question to him: "Had whisky anything to do with bringing you here?" "Everything, sir, everything!" explained the man. The chaplain was encouraged, and eagerly inquired how it was. "Well, sir, I'll tell you how it was; the judge was drunk, and the lawyers were all drunk, and so they fetched me in guilty."

—Quite Just.—Doctor F—— was the President of a Southern college, and professed to be very grammatical in the use of his language, and therefore expected his pupils to be likewise. Playing cards was strictly forbidden on the premises; but, as is always the case, this law is often violated by the students without being detected. A number of freshmen collected together in one of their number's room, and were enjoying a good game of euchre, when a knock was heard at the door. "Who's there?" one exclaimed. "Me," was the laconic reply. "Who's me?" "Professor F——." "You lie! Ha, ha, ha! Professor F—— wouldn't say 'me,' he'd say 'It is I, sir'!" The old professor turned his back and went off, knowing that they had him there.

—When Dr. Dodge, electric physician, was lecturing through the State on the laws of health, he happened to meet, one morning, at the breakfast table, a witty son of Erin, of the better class. Conversation turned on the doctor's favorite subject, as follows: "Perhaps you think I would be unable to convince you of the deleterious effect of tea and coffee?" "I don't know," said Erin; "but I'd like to be there when you do it." "Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?" "Sure and I will, sir." "How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the doctor. "Morning and night, sir." "Well, do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on going to bed?" "Indeed, I do." "And a sharp pain through the temples, in and about the eyes, in the morning?" "Troth, I do, sir." "Well," said the doctor, with an air of assurance and confidence in his manner, "that is the tea and coffee." "Is it